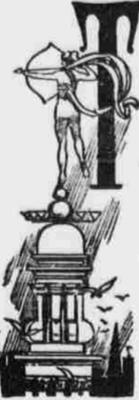


An Earnest Trifler In Gotham.

Renaissance of the Horse Show—The Lady and the Jersey Cow—The "Tickler."

[From Our New York Correspondent.]



TIME was when the Horse Show, with a capital H and S in those days, was one of the chief social splurges of the metropolis. Then a ghastly lapse. The horse show of last year was not even a respectable ghost of its former self. The Garden was there, cavernous and unbecomingly as usual. There were horses, troops of them. Even the crowd was present, as bizarre almost as the orange and black hung auditorium. But where was the smart set, and especially where were the Four Hundred?

I have asked a question which it is not polite for me to answer, but I don't mind saying they were not at Madison Square Garden.

Why? Not because the noblest four footed friend of man through all the centuries had become otherwise, not because the automobile had made horseflesh less admirable, not because the cult of the prevention of cruelty to animals had revolutionized society—not for any one of these reasons nor for many another that might suggest itself to a man with a thinking apparatus in need of renovation. The reason why I had to write the obituary notice of the horse show when I felt like doing an un-tired of its play-



reserved paean of joy over the complete political overthrow of an enemy who had an ambition to use the splendid and overcapitalized statehouse at Albany as his business headquarters the coming winter was because society, big, capricious kid that it is, had tired of its plaything.

But it could not forget its toy, which it had not thrown into the junk pile, but had laid carefully away on the shelf. When the longing for it became unbearable society simply stretched out its long arm and re-embraced it with an extra hug.

Which reminds me—strange thing, this association of ideas, isn't it?—that today is the tenth anniversary of an episode which impressed me very profoundly at the time. To facilitate matters, it was ten years ago today that I was made the lodging place of an opprobrious epithet because I had the presence and the courage to prophesy that the craze for bicycling would not endure—that it was an inflated fad which would not admit of further expansion. It was a heroic thing for me to do, and I never quite could understand how I managed to do it. In the heated argument that followed my antagonist so far forgot himself as to say—I cannot tell what, but it was something that made him infinitely distasteful to me, and I bided my time.

I had not long to wait. His wife, who practically had been bedridden for several years, was seized with the prevailing epidemic, rose from her couch and proclaimed her intention to ride the wheel. He had become so reconciled to her inactivity that her sudden return to real life was a positive shock. That was my revenge No.



"MY ANIMOSITY TOWARD HER HUSBAND DIED A SUDDEN DEATH."

1. My revenge No. 2 followed in immediate proximity. Madam was obese and not inclined toward beauty of countenance. This did not dissuade her from deciding on bloomers, and when she made her first appearance on a bright yellow bicycle all my animosity toward her husband died a sudden death.

But madam went right on overdoing the revenge until the excess of satis-

faction was actually burdensome. She navigated that wheel from "rosy morn till dewy eve" and sometimes considerably later. Her friends did not approve of the miracle of her restoration, and some of them said things. Her husband was a physician, and it was awkward for him to explain how it all occurred.

Finally a material catastrophe happened. One day while speeding through a sleepy Hudson river village madam came in conjunction with a mild eyed and recumbent Jersey cow enjoying her noontide rumination in a shady bypath. Between the concussion and the fright the valuable animal was rendered temporarily indisposed, and her sordid owner sued the doctor for damages and got them. Even that did not put the brake on madam's activity. She kept on wheeling until the fad began to decline. Then she resumed her rather becoming negligence and her coach.

One of the things for which I have never yet heard anybody try to account is the Gotham vibrato. I could—if I would—explain why it is that the male falsetto sopranos that infest the Venetian canals warble in that execrable fashion, but I cannot understand why any able-bodied inhabitant of this progressive city should want to imitate them and in doing so produce a tone suggestive of the "help



"MY PASSION FOR INVESTIGATION OVERCAME ME."

me or I perish" idea. That is precisely what very appreciable quantities of young women endowed by nature with charming voices are doing today.

Last Sunday a lamentable instance came within my observation. At church during the singing of the first hymn my attention was attracted—and correspondingly distracted—by a remarkable vocal effort which was in progress in the pew directly behind me. It evidently came from a woman with a voice strong, true and sweet, but so shaky that it suggested extreme old age. My first impulse was one of unqualified admiration for the owner of a voice so well preserved and still so youthful in its quality. It is not conventional—in the church I attend—to look behind one even for purposes of scientific observation, and I did not violate the code until the closing hymn. Then it was that my passion for investigation overcame me, and I turned just enough to see that the singer who had interested me was a markedly attractive young woman of not to exceed twenty summers.

According to Jacobus Damm, for whom his Knickerbocker blood has done so little, the most demoralizing feature of a demonstration such as occurred in the vicinity of the great metropolitan newspapers on election night is the "tickler." To avoid confusion, let it be understood right here that the tickler is an apparently innocuous device consisting of a tuft of feathers fastened to the end of a slender stick a yard or so in length. It is



his criticism is that it doesn't tickle, only when this absurd little piece of mechanism is exploited by some mischievous and good looking maiden that its real danger as a menace to dignity and several other manly attributes is disclosed.

It is not for that reason, however, that Jacobus Damm is so pronounced against the tickler. His criticism is that it doesn't tickle; that it fails to accomplish the end for which it was intended. It doesn't seem to have occurred to him that his own pachydermatous exterior is at fault; that its possibility of being affected by anything less positive than the sting of a yellow jacket has passed forever.

To my taste the great assembly hall in the main building of the College of the City of New York is the noblest interior in America with a ceiling unsupported by pillars. Some of the legislative halls in the newer capitols are more pretentious and even more ornate, but the big English gothic hall of the college surpasses any of them in dignity and architectural coherence. Certainly no American seat of learning has anything at all comparable with it. About the only other example recalled by it is the city hall of Brussels. Such a splendid architectural result—outside of ecclesiastical effort, that is—is made possible only when the public treasure, and a good deal of it, is at the back of the enterprise. One of the most distinctively creditable things done by the municipal authorities of Gotham during the present generation has been to provide the millions to rear the beautiful group of buildings dominating Washington heights.

STUYVESANT BROWN.

SIRES AND SONS.

Seth Low succeeds James R. Morse in the presidency of the American Asiatic association, now eleven years old.

The Duke of Argyll has hurt the feelings of the highlanders by saying that no man over sixty should appear in kilts.

Representative Leslie K. Morse of Haverhill is the owner of one of the largest bulls in the world. Banjo weighs more than 4,000 pounds and stands higher than the tallest horse.

Chester S. Lord has been managing editor of the New York Sun for twenty-eight years. He joined the paper in 1872 as a reporter and for seventeen years was under Charles A. Dana and enjoyed his confidence to the end.

Hon. W. S. Fielding, Canadian minister of finance, raises and spends \$100,000,000 a year on a \$7,000 salary. Mr. Fielding is the only prominent member of the old cabinet that gathered about Sir Wilfrid Laurier in 1896, having held his position twelve years.

Clerk James McKenny of the supreme court of the United States recently celebrated the fiftieth anniversary of his entering the clerk's office. Mr. McKenny entered the office in a subordinate capacity, but he has held the position of clerk for twenty-eight years.

The Jews of Austria are elated at the appointment of a coreligionist, Major General Eduard Ritter von Schweitzer, to the rank of field marshal. This officer, who has seen over forty years' service, was born of poor parents and entered the army as a private.

Short Stories.

Of those who die only about 11 per cent are insured.

The postal business of the world is increasing 7 per cent per annum.

The first alarm of fire by an electric telegraph system was given at 8:30 p. m. April 29, 1852, in Boston.

The site of the Greenfield (Mass.) First National bank was formerly purchased for a lot of black tin teapots, then very much in fashion.

The wages of the coolies who raise tea in Ceylon vary from 8.33 to 11.66 cents a day. They are, however, housed free and get rice at cost price.

A statistician who has taken the trouble to figure it out says that the average married couple may figure on about 4,194,000 descendants in 500 years.

No receptacle has ever been made strong enough to resist the bursting power of freezing water. Twenty pound steel shells have been rent asunder as though made of pottery.

Recent Inventions.

A Canadian inventor has patented a combined comb and razor to trim hair more rapidly and evenly.

A Kansas carpenter has patented a device to be attached to a saw to blow away the sawdust. A piston, struck by the wood being sawed, sends a current of air through a curved tube.

A Brooklyn man has secured a patent on a spiked driving wheel and runners to replace the ordinary wheels and convert an automobile into a motor driven sleigh when snow is on the ground.

A new flying machine invented by a Russian military engineer is said to lift weights five times greater and to carry them at higher speed than the aeroplanes of similar power owned by other European nations.

British Briefs.

The first submarine boat was tried in Plymouth harbor, England, in 1774. The wooden counter is almost universally used in the United Kingdom in place of the glass showcase.

In the wild asses' house at the London zoological gardens the first kangaroo bred there has been born. The kangaroo is the largest species of wild ass in existence and is a native of Tibet and Mongolia.

Almost any steamer afloat in the merchant service can now go to Manchester, England, the deepening of the ship canal to a uniform depth of twenty-eight feet having been completed after over three years' continuous work.

Household Hints.

After trimming turn the wick of a lamp below the burner or the oil will ooze.

Boll new coffeepots in borax water and clean water kettles in the same manner.

Paraffin used on the tops of preserve glasses can be saved until the next season by washing in cold water and putting in a tin box with a tight lid.

When broiling steaks in the gas oven put water in the pan beneath the broiler. It catches all grease, which when cold can be skimmed off. This keeps the oven clean and saves labor in cleaning the pan.

The Royal Box.

The crown princess of Montenegro is the champion royal lady wrestler of all Europe.

Prince Edward of Wales is a splendid athlete and one of the best boxers in his class at school.

Ferdinand I. of Bulgaria is a distinguished student of botany, a great ornithologist, an omnivorous reader and a connoisseur in all matters of art.

The most popular girl, without doubt, in Germany is Princess Victoria Louise, daughter of the kaiser, who is a pretty maiden of sweet sixteen.

HUMOR OF THE HOUR.

It didn't Come Off That Time. Billy had been taught that it is a sin to lie, so of course he never meant to tell a lie. Whenever he did stretch the truth, which occasionally happened in spite of his good intentions, he did so merely through the exuberance of his lively imagination. One day just as Billy perpetrated one of his whoppers the recently mended heel of his shoe came off. His mother noticed that the accident and the lapse from truthfulness coincided.

"There," she said severely; "see what happened to you as a result of your wickedness. Hereafter whenever you tell a falsehood something terrible will happen to you."

"Will my boot heel always come off?" asked Billy. "Quite likely," she replied. "If it isn't that it will be something equally bad."

For several days after that Billy talked but little, and what few statements he did make were carefully weighed beforehand. One day upon his return from school he became less cautious and entertained the family with the account of an incident that had enticed his trip home. The story seemed quite plausible, and no one would have thought of doubting his veracity had not Billy, after looking at the heel of his shoe, exclaimed triumphantly:

"There; it didn't come off that time anyhow."—New York Herald.

Discreet Prophecy. "Why do you invariably predict the coldest winter we have had in years?" "Well," answered Professor Blather-ton, "if it comes true people necessarily give me credit for great wisdom. And if it doesn't come true they are too thankful to hold any grudge."—Washington Star.

A Cause of Joy. Jamie was begging his father for a second helping of preserves. "When I was a boy," said his papa, "my father only allowed me to have one helping." Jamie was silent for a minute and then asked, "Aren't you glad you live with us now, daddy?"—Denver Republican.

Easily Sued. "She—I prefer a man of deeds. He—Then take me. I'm a lawyer."

One Advantage. "I found that I was smoking too much, so I changed from cigars to a pipe."

"But you smoke all day long now." "Yes, but one has to stop now and then to fill a pipe, you see."—Cleveland Leader.

Hobo Logic. Tired Timothy—I never ask a crust of a crusty man? Languid Lewis—Don't youse? Tired Timothy—Now, I allers ask fer meat, 'cause den I'm shore w'y gittin' de cold shoulder.—Chicago News.

Both Guesses Wrong. Algy—But I weary you, Miss Capsicum. I'm a great talker. Miss Capsicum—On the contrary, Mr. Feathertop, you don't weary me at all, and I find your small talk very diverting.—Chicago Tribune.

Strictly So. Magistrate—Is the assault of which the prisoner is accused one of gravity? Lawyer—Indeed, it is, your honor! It was at the top of a hill my client was struck, and he rolled to the bottom.—Baltimore American.

Possible Explanation. Mrs. Biggs—My husband seems to be lost in thought about half the time. Mrs. Diggs—I suppose his ideas are so far apart that he can't help getting lost on the way from one to the other.—St. Louis Post-Dispatch.

Hers d'Oeuvres. Indignant Patron—Why, this is an outrageous price for just a small plain dinner. Bland Proprietor—You forget, sir, the number and variety of microbes you've eaten!—Puck.

Quarrel in the Woods. "You're lots more of a coward than I am," declared the squirrel. "Maybe, but I'm not nearly so much of a tall bearer," answered the rabbit, wiggling its nose insultingly.—Kansas City Times.

Season's Changes. Patience—Is he getting ready for winter? Patrice—Oh, yes. He's broken off his engagement with his summer girl.—Yonkers Statesman.

Chance For Information. Myer—A friend of mine has invented a submarine telephone. Gyer—Now I suppose we'll soon know what the wild waves are saying.—Detroit Tribune.

THE WOOING OF ROSYBEL.

By KATHARINE K. CROSBY. Copyrighted, 1908, by Associated Literary Press.

Farmer John considered him a most ugodly young man and forbade him to enter the yard. He also forbade his daughter, Rosybel, to leave the yard, except on Sundays, when she could go to church under his eagle eye.

It may be that Farmer John's ideals were rather exacting. Rosybel thought them so anyway. To her there was nothing absolutely wicked about a pipe of tobacco, especially if the pipe were of the rakish type affected by young men who had been to college.

Dick Melton had been to college. Indeed his A. B. was barely a fortnight old. Now he was touring the country after a fashion all his own in the search of amusement.

He told his father that he wanted to see something of life before entering upon that glorious political career which his dotting parent saw stretching before his eldest born.

Now, touring suggests a gay and festive motor car, all red enamel and glaring brass work, but Dick had eschewed such vanities as all too commonplace. He was touring in a hay-rack.

Besides Dick there was in the hay-rack a variety of commodities—a pile of boards of assorted sizes, for instance; a couple of canvas contraptions which when you gave them a chance evolved into a cot bed and a lounging chair; a nickel plated pail, which could be transformed by some miracle into a complete chafing dish outfit; a small table and, most important of all, camp organ of the sort carried abo by wandering evangelists.

When Farmer John issued his edict that the young man who had dropped into church from nowhere at all and walked home from the meeting with his daughter Rosybel should not enter his premises on pain of death—via bulldog Towser—Dick was rather pleased than otherwise.

His vacation had fair to furnish more entertainment than he had anticipated. Moreover, he was really very much taken with Rosybel, who was not only the prettiest girl whom he had met with in his travels, but was also blessed with a sense of humor. This is an adorable combination, hard to resist.

The afore mentioned edict was pronounced on Sunday evening, when Dick again presented himself to see Rosybel home from meeting. On Monday morning the hayrack drove into the field which was bordered in part by the neat white palings of Farmer John's homestead fence.

The field did not belong to Farmer John. Quite near the fence, in the shade of a big elm tree, the young man proceeded to assemble the boards which he had taken from the hayrack.

It happened that Rosybel's garden had run sadly to weeds over Sunday, and she was obliged to spend considerable time out there on Monday morning in consequence.

As the garden was between the house and that particular part of the fence where the elm tree stood, she could not help seeing what the young man was about. For one thing, he was smoking, except at times when he remained ditty about a stein on a table, which Rosybel was glad her father did not hear, for he always voted no license.

For another thing, the young man was building a house, which in her part of the country is not often gone about so casually. There was, however, neither pounding of nails nor noise of saw. The birds sang undisturbed in the branches of the elm tree, and the hang bird in her nest watched him without alarm.

When Farmer John came in from the fields at noon he snorted at the sight of his new neighbor. By this time the house was nearly done. Dick was hanging the front door, and there remained only the piazza steps to be put in place.

When Farmer John came in from the fields at night the camp organ was hand at work on the piazza. Later many couples came strolling by, on the lookout to see Rosie's new fellow.

They came to see and remained to dance. The grass had been clipped short, and the strains from the organ invited to "Portland Fancy." "Lady of the Lake" and kindred measures.

When they had gone, Rosybel stole down to the fence from the place among the shadows where she had been watching the scene. Dick got to the fence first, and there was neither pipe nor song in his lips.

By the shine of his eyes you might have guessed that there was a whole cycle of songs in his heart, all having for chorus the refrain, "Rosybel, daughter of John!" It was not long, however, before they were interrupted by the voice of this same John calling loudly for Rosie.

It now became the favorite pastime for lovers, young and old, married and courting, to go down to the Old Mill road to watch the wooing of Rosybel. Usually there were music and dancing, but once they had a grand candy pull after the chafing dish had been unlimbered and brought into action.

On this occasion Rosybel came down from her place among the shadows and "pulled" with Dick over the fence. That was the gayest evening of them all, for Farmer John was attending a grange meeting over the mountain and no sound of revelry could reach him.

"This has been going on for a week,

and tomorrow is Sunday," said the young man when the rest had gone and his heart was singing songs against the white paling fence. "Tomorrow is Sunday, and I should like to walk home from church with you, Rosybel."

"But you can't," provoked Rosybel, "because dad will be there."

"And there's a crowd, I've noticed. Do you happen to know, belovedest, what is wrong about your little Dick?"

"Nothing, of course, only dad thinks you are a loafer and don't know how to work."

"We'll show dad his little mistake. Some one said he was short handed for the hayrack next week. Is that so?"

"Yes. He can hardly get help, but what?"—The sound of approaching wheels threatened Farmer John's arrival, and her question was not finished.

Early Monday morning a stranger applied to Farmer John for work. He wore heavy, silver rimmed spectacles, and his hair was slicked down over his forehead in a bang. His clothes were all that a farm hand's should be, from torn straw hat to sullied shoes.

Farmer John was nearsighted and never interested in matters of personality. He chuckled afterward over the good bargain he had made, for in addition to the horse and hayrack which the man offered along with his services he would furnish his own meals.

He realized that this was unusual, the stranger said, but he had indigestion and could only eat his own cooking. Farmer John was delighted, and Rosybel, listening around the corner, did not know whether to laugh or be glad at her lover's sense of honor which prevented his eating forbidden salt.

Every evening after that they met under the elm tree, and Dick showed her the new callous spots which the day had brought forth, the while he boasted of his prowess in the field. Rosybel listened eagerly and let her eyes tell him what she thought of him, which was very pleasant for Dick and made life altogether worth living.

By Saturday the hay was well in except from a choice patch of clover which the farmer had been obliged to leave out overnight. It was all seasoned and cocked and ready for the fork. The weather had been fine all the week, and when the men turned into their beds at an early hour there was still no threat of change.

In the middle of the night, however, Dick was awakened by a low rumble of thunder. The young man's first thought was of those haycocks over in the west mowing; his next was to get there before the rain. Stopping only for trousers and shoes, he rushed out to where his horse was picketed. The moon gave light enough between gathering clouds for him to see his way to the field, where he put in a half hour of such work as he had never known, even in football season.

The hayrack was loaded and under way for the barn before the rain struck. Farmer John met him in the farmyard with a lantern as he drove up in a hurry and stared at him in astonishment.

"Open that barn door, you loafer!" Dick yelled in his excitement, quite forgetting that he was addressing the father of Rosybel. Farmer John was not used to being called a loafer, but when he came to understand the situation he rather liked it.

When the hay was safely housed and the barn door padlocked he invited the young man into the house to dry off. There he bustled about and built a fire in the kitchen stove, and while Dick was toasting his feet in the oven the old man surveyed him thoughtfully. Presently he inquired mildly:

"What do you do for a living, young fellow?"

"Going into politics," Dick responded modestly.

"Grange or capital?" demanded Farmer John. It was a crucial question.

"I'll stand for the farmers every time," Dick assured him, and that settled it. The two were earnestly discussing the ownership of wild lands when the sitting room door opened and Rosybel appeared.

Neither saw her, and presently the conversation took a more personal trend.

"Do I understand," asked Farmer John, "that you're talking of getting Rosybel to finish your education for ye?"

"With your consent, yes," replied Dick politely.

"She can teach yo a lot. Women folks mostly can. Well, seeing as you've the makings of a farmer if politics fall, she can have the job if she wants it."

A little gasp from the girl brought them both to their feet. Dick's interest in the farm versus capital was for the moment in abeyance as he crossed quickly to her side.

"When does school open, Rosybel?" he demanded tenderly. Farmer John picked up a candle and stumped toward the back hall door.

"Usually begins 'bout September round these parts," he grumbled as he went out. He foresaw that on the next day, which was Sunday, he would walk home from church alone.

"But it's you who will be the teacher," corrected Rosybel some time later, and Dick, after the way of men, was not at too many pains to set her right.

A Self Made Woman. Oliver (irritably)—That woman would differ from the Lord himself. Olivia—She has already done so. Oliver—In what way? Olivia—On a matter of form.—Judge.

Thud. Green—I shaved off my mustache yesterday. Brown—Yes; I noticed. Quite a downfall, wasn't it?—Judge.